

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

NO. 10.

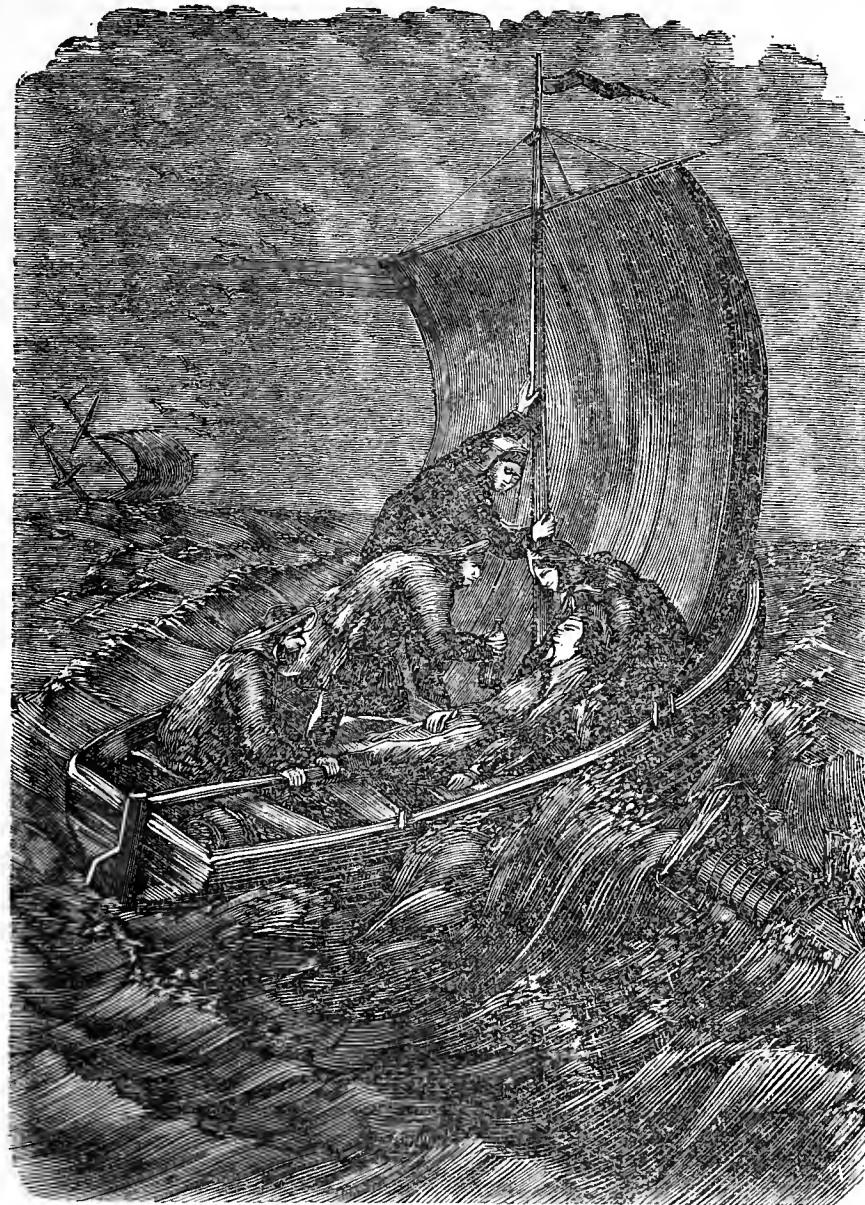
A STORM AT SEA.

MANY of our little readers have never seen oceans. They are immense bodies of water that divide and separate the different parts of the earth. The distance over the Atlantic ocean from England to New York, America, is about 3000 miles. The Saints who come from Europe or from what are commonly called the "old countries" have all to travel that distance by water, on ships.

It is generally very pleasant to travel on ship board when the sea is moderately calm, and when a fair wind is blowing. A storm at sea, however, is something very terrible. The engraving we present represents a storm at sea. A ship can be seen in the distance, tossed and heaved about on the angry waters, whilst a small boat, with several men in it, is in the foreground. Those four men in the boat, who are looking so anxiously towards the man who is lying exhausted and half

drowned, are evidently brave fellows, who have, at the risk of their own lives, launched out into the stormy sea, with their little vessel, to save the lives of their fellow creatures whose vessel has been wrecked, and they left to the mercy of the mad waves. They have evidently been able to save one, whom they have apparently found clinging to the mast or spar of a wrecked ship, which you can see near the boat.

Many tales are told of the sufferings of people who have been wrecked at sea. The eldest brother of the writer of this article was an officer on board of a ship that was wrecked, and which sank to the bottom of the sea. I had his story from his own lips. I will tell it to you briefly. He held the office of mate, of the ship. Besides himself, there were on the vessel, the Captain, his wife and two little children, and about seven or eight sailors. One



night a terrible storm arose; the wind blew and howled terribly, the waves roared and dashed about in awful confusion, lifting the distressed vessel at times high up, as if on a mountain's top, and again sweeping her down into the deep trough of the sea as if never to rise again. The masts and spars of the ship were broken, and the sails torn into shreds. The Captain was a cowardly man, and drank much liquor, which made him beastly drunk, so that the command of the vessel devolved on the writer's brother. As daylight commenced to dawn, the storm abated a little, but it was found that the ship was gradually sinking, her forepart being already considerably under the water. There seemed to be no hope for the poor sufferers as the storm was yet raging too fiercely to allow them to take to the boats. The sailors, however, determined to make the attempt. The mate endeavored to dissuade them, by telling them it would be certain death for them to do so, and that they might as well stay and go down with the ship, if they had to be drowned. They heeded not his warning, but took to the boat. Once in the boat, they let it adrift, and they were immediately carried away some distance from the ship; and then speedily brought back by a wave from the opposite direction, which dashed them against the side of the ship with such violence that the boat was smashed to pieces. Loud shrieks were heard, their hands were held out of the water for a moment, and every one of them disappeared; they were all engulfed in the sea.

Shortly afterwards a large ship hove in sight, which proved to be a Norwegian vessel. But it was so stormy her people dare not embark in their boats to relieve the sufferers. They therefore adopted the following plan. They tacked ship, so as to get in such a position that the current, that was running, would flow towards the ill-fated ship. They then lowered a boat, with a long rope attached, and let it float towards it. This boat came nearly sharing the fate of the other. However, the mate, my brother, secured the boat. After that, the first thing he did was to get the Captain's two little children and put them into the boat, next the Captain's wife, and after that he bundled the drunken Captain in neck and heels, got in himself and all were taken safely on board the Norwegian ship.

J. N.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Chemistry of Common Things.

COPPER-CUPRIUM.

NEXT in importance to iron we may rank copper among the true metals. Like iron, it is widely distributed in nature. It is a red metal, very ductile and tenacious. The ancient Egyptians used this metal for making tools; they understood how to make it hard without diminishing its toughness; many of the sharp sculptures in the hardest granite were made with chisels of copper. We use this metal extensively in making brass, which is an alloy of copper and zinc.

Copper is found native, that is, in the metallic state, in this Territory. In some of its formations it resembles trees, it is then called "dendritic," it is sometimes found in nodules or lumps, it is then said to be "massive;" sometimes it is found in small pieces like seeds throughout a rock; it is then said to be "disseminated." But it is more frequently found in combination; united with sulphur it forms sulphides or sulphurets; our valleys and

mountains abound in this formation. Sometimes it is found as a mineral, somewhat resembling gold; it is then known as "copper pyrites," a composition of sulphur and copper. It differs greatly from gold in being brittle and more glass like in its lustre. It is also readily dissolved in nitric acid (*aqua-fortis*), which gold is not; it is not malleable like gold. Some of the formations of this metal are very beautiful, the blue and green carbonates found in our mountains are particularly so, especially when lime enters into combination.

Copper is also used for making gun-metal, an alloy of that metal with tin; bronze is thus made. German silver, an alloy much used for spoons, pencil cases and small plate, is an alloy of copper, zinc and nickel. In the state of sheet copper it is used to protect ships from the action of sea-water; also for rods for lightning conductors, for wire and for culinary purposes.

Our common brass vessels are very dangerous on account of the copper they contain in alloy; copper is readily acted on by vegetable acids; when fruits containing acids are prepared in such vessels they should be protected from the metal in a syrup of sugar, or copper will be dissolved. On no account should pickles be boiled in such vessels; copper is very poisonous, even in small quantities, cancer may result from eating them. The fine green pickles are made so designedly by some people to make them sell better, they look better to the eye. When there is any doubt on this point, a clean table-knife dipped into the pickle for a short time will tell the tale of *poison*, by showing metallic copper on the surface of the knife when withdrawn—this is a ready test. It is on account of the poisonous qualities of copper that vessels of that metal are often coated with tin; tin readily adheres to copper; this is why soldering-irons are tipped with copper.

When copper is dissolved in sulphuric acid it forms a sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol; it is then soluble in water. This, if allowed to evaporate, will deposit fine blue crystals. There are said to be waters in some of our mountains that hold copper in solution; if so, they contain this salt. Such waters would be a mine of wealth, for, by putting fragments of iron, such as scraps of tin (which are iron) or old iron, metallic copper would be precipitated. It is by some such action as this that such waters have been, and still are, utilized.

BETH.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."—
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

[Concluded.]

In the execution of this great work, if the son had, as compared with his father, certain advantages in his favor, he had also various disadvantages to contend with at Skerryvore from which the engineer of the Bell Rock was free. Mr. Alan Stevenson had steam power at his command, and the benefit of all the experience derived from the experiments of his predecessors in similar operations; but at the same time, the rock on which he had to work was a greater distance from the land, and separated from it by a more dangerous passage than that of either the Bell or the Eddystone; and the geological formation of which the rock is composed, was much more difficult to work upon. The Skerryvore is distant from Tyree, the nearest inhabited island, about eleven miles; even in fine weather the intervening passage is a trying one, and in rough weather no ship can live in such a sea, studded as it is with treacherous rocks. The sandstone of the Bell Rock was worn into rugged inequalities, which favored the operations of the engineer; but the action of the waves on

the igneous formation of the Skerryvore had given it all the smoothness and slippery polish of a mass of dark colored glass. Indeed, the foreman of the masons, on first visiting the rock, not unjustly compared the operation of ascending it to that of "climbing up the neck of a bottle."

The 7th August, 1838, was the first day of entire work on the rock, and with succeeding ones was spent in the erection of a temporary barrack of wood, for the men to lodge in on the rock. It was completed before the season closed; but one of the first heavy gales in November wrenched it from its holdings, and swept it into the sea, leaving nothing to mark the site but a few broken and twisted stanchions, attached to one of which was a portion of a great beam which had been shaken and rent, by dashing against the rocks, into a bundle of ribands. Thus in one night were obliterated the results of a whole season's toil, and with them, the hopes the men cherished of having a dwelling on the rock, instead of on board the brig, where they suffered intensely from the miseries of constant sickness.

The excavation of the foundations occupied the whole of the summer season of 1839, from the 6th May to the 3rd September. The hard, nitrified rock held out stoutly against the assaults of both iron and gunpowder; and much time was spent in hollowing out the basin in which the lighthouse was to be fixed. From the limited extent of the rock and the absence of any place of shelter, the blasting was an operation of considerable danger, as the men had no place to run to, and it had to be managed with great caution. Only a small portion of the rock could be blown up at a time, and care had to be taken to cover the part over with mats and nettings made of old rope to check the flight of the stones. The excavation of the flinty mass occupied nearly two summers.

The operations of 1840 included, much to the delight of the workmen, the reconstruction of the barrack, to which they were glad to remove from the tossing vessel. The second edifice was more substantial than the first, and proved more enduring. Rude and narrow as it was, it offered, after the discomforts of the vessel, almost a luxurious lodging to its hardy inmates.

"Paeked forty feet above the weather-beaten rock, in this singular abode," writes the engineer, Mr. Alan Stevenson, "with a goodly company of thirty men, I have spent many a weary day and night, at those times when the sea prevented any one going down to the rock, anxiously looking for supplies from the shore, and earnestly longing for a change of weather favorable to the recommencement of the works. For miles around nothing could be seen but white foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves. Our slumbers, too, were at times fearfully interrupted by the sudden pouring of the sea over the roof, the rocking of the house on its pillars, and the spurting of water through the seams of the doors and windows; symptoms which, to one suddenly aroused from sound sleep, recalled the appalling fate of the former barrack, which had been engulfed in the foam not twenty yards from our dwelling, and for a moment seemed to summon us to a similar fate. On two occasions in particular, these sensations were so vivid as to cause almost every one to spring out of bed; and some of the men fled from the barrack by a temporary gangway to the more stable, but less comfortable shelter afforded by the bare walls of the lighthouse tower, then unfinished, where they spent the remainder of the night in the darkness and cold."

In spite of their anxiety to get on with the work, and their intrepidity in availing themselves of every opportunity, these gallant men were often forced by stress of

weather into an inactivity which we may be sure they felt sadly irksome and against the grain. "At such seasons," says Mr. Stevenson, "much of our time was spent in bed, for there alone we had effectual shelter from the winds and the spray which reached every cranny in the walls of our barraek." On one occasion they were for fourteen days without communication with the shore, and when at length the seas subsided, and they were able to make the signal to Tyree that a landing at the rock was practicable, scarcely twenty-four hours' stock of provisions remained on the rock. In spite of hardships and perils, however, the engineer declares that "life on the Skerryvore Rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage—the deep murmur of the waves—the hoarse cry of the sea birds, which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals—the low moaning of the wind—or the gorgeous brightness of a glossy sea and a cloudless sky—and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault, studded with stars, or cheered by the splendors of the full moon,—were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasures of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to—nay, to make me really enjoy—an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock."

The Skerryvore Lighthouse was at length successfully completed. The height of the tower is 138 feet 6 inches, of which the first 26 feet is solid. It contains a mass of stone work of more than double the quantity of the Bell Rock, and nearly five times that of the Eddystone. The entire cost, including steam tug and the building of a small harbor at Hynish for the reception of the little vessel that now attends the lighthouse, was £80,977. The light is revolving, and reaches its brightest state once every minute. It is produced by the revolution of eight great annular lenses around a central light, with four wicks, and can be seen from the deck of a vessel at the distance of eighteen miles. Mr. Alan Stevenson sums up his deeply interesting narrative in the following words: "In such a situation as the Skerryvore, innumerable delays and disappointments were to be expected by those engaged in the work; and the entire loss of the fruit of the first season's labor in the course of a few hours, was a good lesson in the school of patience, and of trust in something better than an arm of flesh. During our progress, also, cranes and other materials were swept away by the waves; vessels were driven by sudden gales to seek shelter at a distance from the rocky shores of Mull and Tyree; and the workmen were left on the rock desponding and idle, and destitute of many of the comforts with which a more roomy and sheltered dwelling, in the neighborhood of friends, is generally connected. Daily risks were run in landing on the rock in a heavy surf, in blasting the splintery gneiss, or by the falling of heavy bodies from the tower on a narrow space below, to which so many persons were necessarily confined. Yet had we not any loss of either life or limb; and although our labors were prolonged from dawn to night, and our provisions were chiefly salt, the health of the people, with the exception of a few slight cases of dysentery, was generally good throughout the six successive summers of our sojourn on the rock. The close of the work was welcomed with thankfulness by all engaged in it; and our remarkable preservation was viewed, even by many of the most thoughtless, as, in a peculiar manner, the gracious work of Him by whom the very hairs of our heads are all numbered!"

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

EVERY child in the Territory has seen what we call grasshoppers, but the insect which goes by that name here, and which has come in such great numbers to eat off our grain, vegetables, and fruit, is nothing more nor less than the locust of the Scriptures. If any of you will take the trouble to catch an old-fashioned grasshopper, you will see considerable difference between it and the pest with which we are now troubled. We are told that the locusts of eastern lands where the Bible was written, are very similar to the hoppers which eat our fields of grain. A great many people do not know why we are troubled with them, but we think it is better for us to have locusts to eat our crops than to have mobs come upon us, and drive us from our homes, murder some, and burn the houses, and destroy the grain, which we have built and raised. It may be that by having locusts eat our crops occasionally, the people will live so near the Lord that He will not suffer mobs to come upon us.

The locusts were a plague in ancient days. One of the curses which Moses pronounced upon the children of Israel if they disobeyed the Lord, was:

"Thou shalt carry much seed out into the field and shall gather but little in; for the locusts shall consume it. * * * * * All thy trees and the fruits of thy lands shall the locusts consume."

The locusts were one of the signs which the Lord, through Moses, gave to Pharaoh, before he would let Israel go out of Egypt. They covered the face of the whole earth so that the land was darkened, and they left no green thing on the trees or in the fields through all the land of Egypt. We are told that there never had been before as many locusts as there were then. "Neither after them shall be such." They were brought by the east wind, and they were carried away into the Red Sea by the west wind. The Lord can take away the locusts very quickly, when it suits Him to do so, for they are his army. When Moses prayed to Him, after Pharaoh besought him to do so, and He took away the locusts from him, a mighty, strong wind which He sent, took them all off, and, we are told, not one locust remained in all the land of Egypt. When they shall have answered the purpose for which our Father sent them here on our fields, then He will remove them as easily as He brought them. The prophet Joel in speaking of the children of Zion says:

"And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine, and oil; and I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm, and my great army which I sent among you. And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you; and my people shall never be ashamed."

It is quite likely the prophet saw our day and predicted concerning it.

After we are tried sufficiently with locusts and the Lord sees that it is enough, he will restore to his people what the locusts

have eaten; all that His great army has consumed, which he sent among us, and we will eat in plenty and praise the name of the Lord our God. It is as necessary that we should be tried by locusts as by anything else. If we would not trust the Lord when he permits locusts to eat our crops, how can we trust Him at other times of difficulty? It is our duty to be as cheerful, as hopeful and as faithful in keeping the commandments of God, and in listening to the counsel of His servants when locusts eat our crops, as at any other time. In the Book of Proverbs it says:

"The locusts have no king, yet go they all of them forth in bands."

This is the case in other lands besides ours. In South Africa they come forth in troops, and they observe great order and regularity, keeping in their ranks, as if they were under military discipline. When they first appear the farmer gets a large flock of sheep, and drives them crowded closely together, over them. When they grow larger, locust driving becomes a favorite sport with the children in that country. They do not like anything of a red color, so the children get little flags of red cloth and fasten them upon a stick. If they are skillful they contrive and turn them in the direction in which they will do the least mischief. This is before they can fly. The natives of that country bake locusts and eat them; they say they are not bad to take.

SOME people make a practice of asking God to do for them what they should do, and are able to do for themselves. They are more content to exercise faith than they are to perform works. We should always ask the Lord for grace and strength, for His divine assistance and the presence of his holy spirit; but He has given us the power to do many things for ourselves, and which He has promised to aid us in doing, and we should not sit still and fold our arms and wait for Him to do them for us. We can ask His blessing upon our crops; but how foolish it would be for us, if instead of plowing the ground, sowing the seed and watering it, we should sit still and never perform any of these labors, and yet ask the Lord to give us a good crop of wheat. It is after we have done all that is in our power that He will bestow His blessing, and show us that He is greater than we are. When we take this course we unite faith and works.

The ancients had an old fable about Hercules, the god of strength, and a teamster. The latter, while driving his heavily loaded wagon on the road, came to a soft spot in which the wheels sank. Instead of trying to pull out the wheels, he fell to praying to Hercules, whom the ancients believed to be a very strong god, to lift his wagon out of the mire; the god of muscle told the teamster that, while he prayed for help, he had better put his shoulder to the wheel and help himself; then, said he, "If you cannot get the wagon out, I will help you."

This, though a fable, illustrates a correct principle; in other words, as we would say in these days: "God helps those who help themselves." We would not have you think, however, children, that you should seek to accomplish your labors in your own strength. This would be very wrong. No real prosperity can attend those who take this course. It is our duty to seek after the blessing of the Lord upon all that we do, and then our labors will be sanctified for our salvation and the increase of His glory upon the earth.

ONE of the tricks of Satan is to try and persuade mankind that they will, by being untruthful, dishonest and deceitful, gain advantages which they can not by being truthful, honest and candid. With children especially he would use influence in this direction, if he could. Let a child do wrong, and the tempter suggests to him that it is better for him to

conceal that wrong than to avow it. He would make a coward of him; but the spirit of God would lead him to be frank and courageous in telling the whole truth. A candid confession of wrong made by the one who has committed it, goes further to remove the effect of the wrong than every attempt to conceal it. This is a lesson which we would like to impress upon the minds of all. Be truthful, be candid, be honest under all circumstances; never shrink from the responsibility of your words or your actions; cultivate courage in these directions, and you will find in all your life that it is a most valuable quality. Remember that it is always safe to do right. God reigns; His

wisdom baffles the cunning of man and of Satan, and He will never forget nor desert those who rely upon Him.

There are some persons so organized that the fear of losing the good opinion of those who are around them, leads them to conceal and deny the things which they have said or done. But by so doing they only add to their fault; for the plain avowal of their words or actions does not lessen them in the eyes of those whose opinions are of any value, like the denial or concealment of them does. The quality of courage under such circumstances is always admired and respected, even though the fault committed may be a grave one.

RICE.

WHERE is the boy who does not like rice pudding, baked or boiled, plain or with currants? If such a one there be, we confess we have never run across him; but should we ever meet a youth with a taste so strange, we shall certainly "make a note of it."

Rice pudding is of course made of rice with the addition of milk, eggs, butter, spice or some other nice thing to please the palate. Now rice itself is a cereal growing in almost all hot climates, that are not exceedingly dry. But before we go any farther we had best explain what we mean by a cereal. Most of you know that the ancient Greeks and Romans had hosts of gods to worship, everything and everybody nearly had his peculiar protecting or patron deity. Now the goddess of corn and agriculture was called Ceres, and she is generally represented as being crowned with ears of wheat. From Ceres comes the word cereal, which is applied to wheat, barley, rye, oats, maize, millet, rice, and several other grass-like plants which bear grain; all of which is fit for food except darnel, which is poisonous. These plants all re-

John H. Compte.

quire sowing every year, and from this fact are called annuals, they have a hollow stalk or straw full of joints or knots, "and they die both in stem and root, when the seed or grain is ripened." It is a remarkable fact, that some one or more of these cereals can be cultivated in almost every country suited to the habitation of man; and in the few places where they do not thrive, some other vegetable, good for the food of man, is found in their place. Barley and oats grow in the coldest climates. Wheat is the staple in temperate climes, whilst rice, maize, and millet are the productions of the torrid zone. Rice especially flourishes in the low wet land between the tropics, which

would be useful for no other grain. Wherever the land is not naturally flooded, it must be abundantly irrigated. Of all kinds of rice, that grown in North and South Carolina is considered the best, but very good rice is also produced in China, the East Indies, Tropical America, some parts of Africa and even in the southern parts of Europe.

Rice is second only in importance to wheat as an article of human food. It forms the principal diet of at least one third of the human family. It is the grand material on which one hundred millions of the inhabitants of the earth, almost entirely exist. It is the "food" of the hundreds of millions of Hindoos and Chinese and other people of south eastern Asia, who without it would be very poorly off for a light, wholesome food.

When growing, rice has somewhat the appearance of oats. Each grain is awned, that is, has a pointed beard, and is covered with a golden yellow husk. The husks are removed by means of a mill. We have a picture here of a Chinese rice mill. The rice, before the husk is taken off, is called paddy. Why it has that strange name we cannot tell, but

we have no idea it has any reference to the Irish, numbers of whom are named after their patron saint, St. Patrick, and for short are called Paddies. Nor is it intended to intimate that they, the Chinese, will swallow up the Irish in the same unceremonious manner that they now consume their rice, as some foolish persons pretend to think will be the case, if their emigration into the United States is not stopped by law, or prevented by bloodshed. However, should they greatly increase in this country there is no doubt but that it will tend to largely develop the cultivation of rice in the Southern States, as before the late war it formed an important part of their exports, and will do so again whenever that portion of the country is thoroughly at peace.

G. R.

LITTLE can be done without determination; and certainly no great acquirement can be made without patient and steady application.

WHEN a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will serve his turn—neither truth nor falsehood.



[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.
MISSIONARY SKETCHES.]

WHEN an Elder has the spirit of his mission he cannot rest contented unless he is proclaiming to the people the message with which he is entrusted. Surround him with every comfort his heart can desire, and if he has that spirit, he will still be anxious to go forth among the people, even if he knows he will meet with privations and persecution. This was my feeling before the visit of the president of the mission, which I described in the last number. After he left my anxiety increased, and I told the brethren that I must push out among the natives, and commence preaching to them as well as I could. I had made very good progress in the language, and felt able to explain in part the first principles of the gospel. About a week after the president's visit I started off, intending if I did not get an opening, to go around the Island. But the Lord had revealed to me that I would find a people prepared to receive the truth, and I started as a man would who was going to meet his friends. Though I had never seen them in the flesh, I knew that when I met them they would not be strangers to me. Borrowing Brother Bigler's valise, one which he had carried many a day himself while on a mission in the States, I started feeling as proud of the privilege of swinging it across my shoulder as any knight ever was at wearing, for the first time, his gold spurs. The great desire of my heart from my early boyhood had been to have the priesthood and the privilege of preaching the gospel; this desire was now about to be gratified, and though I was timid and very bashful, I felt that God would carry me safely through. The brethren accompanied me about four miles on my way. We were far from all our friends, and were strangers in a strange land, our parting, therefore, as might be expected, was painful. They remained to continue their study of the language.

It was plain to me that the angel of the Lord was with me; for at whatever place I stopped I was received most kindly, and the best the people had was at my service. The principal food of the natives of the Sandwith Islands is called *poi*. This is made out of a root which they call *kalo*. *Kalo* patches are so made that they can be flooded with water; and the ground is never allowed to be uncovered. In planting this root they do not use seed. When a native gathers the *kalo*, he carries it to his home, where he cuts off the tops. These are carefully saved, tied up in a bundle, and carried back to the patch. These tops he sticks in the mud at the proper distances apart, and at the end of about eleven months he has another crop of *kalo*. This is the process of gathering and planting. The *kalo* bears some resemblance in its leaves and taste to the wild Indian turnip; but its root is much larger; not quite the shape of a tame turnip, but as large as a moderate-sized variety. I have seen it sometimes as large as a good-sized turnip. There is a variety called the dry land *kalo*. It is not so extensively cultivated as the other kind, and is not considered so good eating. Near every house there is a circular hole. When *kalo* is to be cooked a fire is built in this, and a quantity of small volcanic rocks are piled on top of it. As the fire burns out these sink to the bottom, and they are spread over the bottom and around the sides of the pit. The *kalo* roots are then laid in, mats are spread over them, then soil, until they are completely covered, excepting a small hole at the top, into which water is poured. That hole is then stopped, and the cooking commences. But how do they cook? you may ask. When the water is poured in, the rocks, being hot, speedily convert it into steam, and as it cannot escape, it cooks the

roots. I have seen large hogs cooked in this way, and meat is sweeter cooked in this fashion than by any other method I know anything about. The native men on the Islands do all the cooking. When the *kalo* has been in long enough to cook, it is uncovered; the skin is washed off, and it is pounded with a stone pestle, on a large flat slab of wood, until it is like a mass of dough. Then it is put into a calabash or gourd, and by the next day fermentation has commenced, or as we would say if it were bread, it has "raised." Water is then added to it, and it is mixed until it is a little thinner than we usually make mush. There is a little sour taste about it the first day. But it is never eaten at that time by the natives, unless they have no other food. They like it best when it is quite sour. This is what they call *poi*, and there is no other food that they think can equal it.

Their usual method of eating is worthy of notice. A large calabash of *poi* is placed on the mats; around this the family seat themselves. In families where they make any pretensions to cleanliness a small calabash of water is passed round and each one rinses his or her fingers before commencing to eat. To keep off the flies a boy or a girl stands waving a *kahili*, which is made by fastening feathers on to a long slender stick. In eating they dip their two first fingers into the calabash, load them with the *poi* and pass them into their mouths. The sucking of the fingers, and the gusto with which they eat, the incessant conversation mingled with laughter which they keep up, would lead a bystander to conclude that they enjoy their food. And they do. If the *poi* be good, and they have plenty of fish or meat to eat with it, they have great pleasure in eating. They think white men who eat together without conversing very unsocial beings. They have an idea that it contributes to health, and to the enjoyment of the food to have pleasant and lively conversation while eating.

Before leaving Lahaina, I had tasted a teaspoonful of *poi*; but the smell of it and the calabash in which it was contained was so much like that of a book-binder's old, sour, paste pot that when I put it to my mouth I gagged at it, and would have vomited had I swallowed it. But in traveling among the people I soon learned that if I did not eat *poi* I would put them to great inconvenience; for they would have to cook separate food for me every meal. This would make me burdensome to them, and might interfere with my success. I, therefore, determined to learn to live on their food, and that I might do so I asked the Lord to make it sweet to me. My prayer was heard and answered; the next time I tasted it I ate a bowlfull, and I positively liked it. It was my food, whenever I could get it, from that time as long as I remained on the Islands. It may sound strange yet it is true, that I have sat down to a table on which bread was placed, and though I had not tasted the latter for months, I took the *poi* in preference to the bread; it was sweeter to me than any food I had ever eaten.

(To be continued.)

AN ISLAND FROM THE SEA.—In the year 1794, the inhabitants of the Island of Tenedos in the Grecian Archipelago, were very much alarmed in the night, by an earthquake. In the morning they discovered that a small island about a mile in circumference had risen in the sea. In the centre there was a smoke of a reddish hue. Several people took a boat and went to the island; they landed upon it, and found coral and shell-fish strewed about; from the centre where the smoke issued, there came a loud noise like the rumbling of many wagons.—Selected.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

SACRED THINGS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

SOME one has written, "Parodies on things I love either disgust me or trouble my conscience. Nothing that has touched the heart ought ever to be profaned." This is true; we should never make fun of, or ridicule that which we love or revere. It does us no good, neither does it benefit the person or cause we ridicule. Things that are holy should never be profaned by the tongue of derision. The God who has blessed us with the revelations of His will, should never be approached in levity. To talk of our religion in words and tones other than in earnestness and truth breeds disrespect and contempt. To burlesque by word or gesture that which we esteem pure and holy, lessens our own self-respect, and dims our faith in that which we believe to be the word of the Lord. Has He not declared that loud laughter is displeasing to him, and an evil in His sight. Such being the case, how much more sinful must it be to provoke laughter and mirth by speaking in terms of disrespect of our Heavenly Father, in mimicing the ordinances of His Church, or making fun of the principles of the Gospel.

Some unwise men will occasionally refer to God as though they were His equals, if not His superiors. They will speak of Him with levity, and use His Holy name with carelessness. They forget that He, in one of the commandments says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." If He will thus hold men guilty who take His name in vain, will they go unpunished who in words of contempt or ridicule speak of His person or character? We think not.

How painful it is to a loving child, to hear his parents laughed about or made fun of. Such a one generally feels as though he would like to chastise the offender, or if that is out of his power, he gives vent to his feelings in tears. Then how should we feel when we hear our Father in Heaven, who is so good and kind to us, spoken of in the same way, or His name "taken in vain," or His holy laws derided, mocked or scoffed at. All who have the Spirit of the Lord dwelling within them feel shocked, it arouses their indignation, or chills their blood, and they realize God is angry with those who thus trifle with holy things; and if they repent not, they will suffer for their folly.

We once knew a man, not the only one, we are sorry to say, who had an unfortunate habit of making fun of everything. He was a good man in many respects, but, poor fellow, the last time we saw him he had been cut off from the church. His folly grieved the Spirit of God, and it left him, he fell into darkness, committed sin, and the fellowship of the Saints was withdrawn from him. Had you heard him, however, as he rattled away in his thoughtless style, joking about this prophecy, mimicing that ordinance, using cant phrases and vulgar terms, as he referred to holy things, you must have felt grieved, it was so out of place, so unfitting. Some foolish persons called him "a very funny man" and "a jolly good fellow," and his buffoonery was styled "wit," but others felt sad when they heard his nonsensical sallies, and wisely concluded that God and His laws were not fit subjects to joke about. The last time we saw him, when he was no longer a Saint, his so called wit had developed into simple nastiness, and his jokes into miserable vulgarity.

We have heard others speak in unfitting terms of the principles of that Gospel we should all love more than life. We have heard them talk in vulgar words of the

law of celestial marriage, with ridicule of baptism for the dead, or slightingly of the laying on of hands. Then we have asked ourselves, and hope our young readers will do the same; will a person thus act or speak who in his heart loves and has faith in the principles God has so kindly revealed in these days? We can think of but two things; either that person is very careless and does not think of what he is doing or he has not that reverence and faith that as a Latter-day Saint he should have for the glorious gospel of eternal life.

We asked just now, are boys and girls who love their parents fond of hearing them spoken of with ridicule or scoffing? We answered, no; then how much more unlikely would it be that they who feel angry at the jeers of others, would themselves jeer and scoff at that same dear father and mother. Is it not so with the things of God? Will those who love God take His name in vain? Will they ridicule his loving kindness? Will they mock at His holy laws? The answer is so plain that we think every one of our little readers can answer it correctly. So we will leave it to their good judgment and common sense.

G. R.

WOLVES.—Wolves are sometimes drawn from their forests by hunger, and approach settlements or villages, in search of food; when that is the case they are generally very furious. I have heard some remarkable accounts of their attacking people. A young nobleman was traveling in Burgundy, in France, when he was attacked by a furious wolf, of an extraordinary size. The young man, though only twenty, possessed great courage; he spurred his horse on, and endeavored to escape; but the wolf seized upon the horse and wounded him so badly that he fell with his rider. The wolf then flew at the Count; with wonderful resolution he seized him by one of his paws, and by his foaming tongue. After struggling a while with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from his fingers, and his right thumb was bitten off; notwithstanding the pain, he sprang upon the wolf's back, and braced his knees against his sides. Just then one or two men appeared in view; neither of them dared to approach. "Well then," said the brave young man, "fire upon us both; if you kill me I will forgive you." One of them fired; the bullet passed through the Count's coat, but neither he nor the animal was wounded. The other man ventured nearer and fired again, the wolf was mortally wounded by this shot, and after a few plunges expired. In this dreadful conflict the young man not only lost his right thumb, but had his left hand sadly torn, besides receiving other injuries.—*Selected*.

THE INSIDE OF THE WORLD.—Some author observes that it is surprising we should build such monuments on the earth as the tower of Babel, and the pyramids of Egypt, and that our curiosity has never led us to dig deep into the centre of the earth. He thinks the world has never been dug to the depth of a league perpendicular, and if it had been, it would be little more than scratching it. The highest mountains bear not so great a proportion to this prodigious mass of matter of which the earth is composed, as warts do to our bodies.—*Selected*.

WARMING A HANDKERCHIEF.—A woman gave her little child a handkerchief to warm while she was otherwise employed. The child held it to the fire, but so near that it scorched; upon which the little child called to its mother, saying "Mamma is it done enough when it looks brown?"—*Selected*.

Selected Poetry.

THE DONKEY'S LESSON.

A boy named Peter
Found once in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,
And all! out of breath
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
The two went on the run,
Saying one to the other,
"O, won't we have fun?"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd got nearly back,
When a donkey came,
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad,
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad,
With his warm nose, a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John;
Says Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye and
An action like that."

"For my part, I hav'n't
The heart to," says John;
But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on:

"Let's help him; so both lads
Set off with a will,
And came up with the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

The summit once gained,
Back they went on the run,
Agreeing they never
Had had finer fun.

ANOTHER STORY OF WOLVES.—I recollect a story of wolves that happened long since. A woman who lived in a frontier settlement, went on horse-back to see a friend. When she was returning, it was towards night, and she had quite a forest to go through. She did not feel anxious however, because she had frequently traveled that way alone, without accident. It was at a time when there was great want of food among the wolves. When she had got into the depth of the forest, three gaunt hungry fellows rushed from the thicket. She whipped her horse and endeavored to outride them, but they bit the heels of the animal, and he plunged forward and threw her off. Happily for her, the wolves were too much engaged in their pursuit of the horse, who probably was the more inviting supper of the two, to turn upon the woman, and she was left alone and defenseless. It immediately occurred to her that when they found they could not overtake the horse, which she was confident they would not, they would return to destroy her. There was only one chance of escape, and that was to climb a tree and get beyond their reach. This she immediately did, and felt tolerably secure among the branches. In a very short time, to her dismay, she saw them returning; still she hoped they might not discover her; but the scent of a hungry wolf is keen; they made towards the tree, howling tremendously. They leapt against the trunk with fury, but were unable to climb it, as a bear would have done. The woman began now to feel tolerably composed; it was not a pleasant idea, that she might have to pass the night there, but she was sure by morning her friends would be alarmed and come in search of her.

While she was consoling herself with the idea that she was beyond the reach of her enemies, she all at once saw them furiously attack the trunk of the tree with their teeth. They gnawed near the root with the most unwearyed industry, no longer uttering their horrible howls. All was profound silence except the dreadful sound of their teeth. The horror of the poor woman may easily be imagined; she saw that in a short time they would be able to cut the tree down, and that death would then await her in a most horrid form. The tree already trembled as the wolves crowded against it; suddenly a shout was heard, and in a few moments several armed men appeared in sight. The wolves gave a howl of disappointment and fury, and darted into the thicket. The poor woman was taken down from the tree almost dead with fright. The horse had made his escape, and reached home with his heels bleeding and bitten; the truth was conjectured by the people, and with little hope of finding their friend alive, the neighbors had set out in pursuit of her.—*Selected.*

THERE are some people well enough disposed to be grateful, but they cannot hit upon it without a prompter: they must be taught to be thankful, and it is a fair step if we can but bring them to be willing and only offer at it.—*Selected.*

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

<i>Single Copy, per Annum.....</i>	\$3 00.
<i>Single Copy, for Six Months.....</i>	1 50.

* Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DASKET NEWS BUILDINGS.